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# AMERICAN ART JOURNAL.

A WEEKLY RECORD OF MUSIC, ART. AND LITERATURE.

HENRY C. WATSON Editor.

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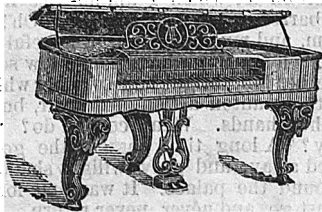
NEW SERIES.—No. 147.  
VOL. VI.—No 18.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1867.

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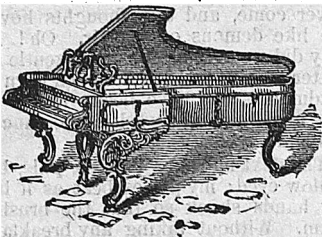
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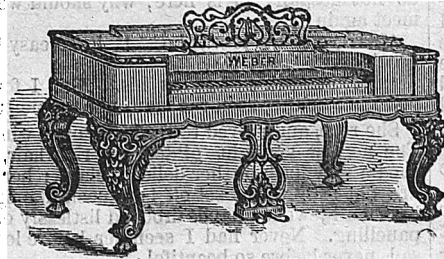
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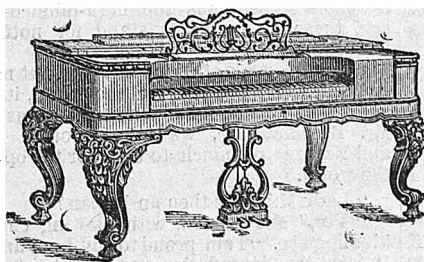
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## THE TWO BROTHERS.

### An Artist's Story.

#### CHAPTER X.

Proud I was. I scorned temptation. I went day after day to the Palazzo, and was not tempted.

I believe I was not. Days passed by, days and weeks, and the thrill of strange feeling had never returned since the evening mentioned in my last chapter. Lady Milroy was no less bewitching, no less arch, no less kind; but I received her kindness with the coldest appearance of gratitude, and did not feel myself a hypocrite. And yet at times I wished, oh! how I wished not that she were less beautiful, not that she were less distinguished, but that she were less tender in her womanly graciousness and appreciation of me.

It is a dangerous thing to be considered clever. Fair girls look up to you with innocent eyes of wonderment and admiration; intellectual and lovely women smile homage from their eyes, and, perhaps, the next moment forget your existence—yet the smile lingers in your heart. A gifted man or woman is too apt to over-estimate a kind of influence and power which can in no way compensate for the sweetness of household ties, and the blessed peace of common love.

But to return. My gifts were by no means such as to dazzle a woman so brilliant and volatile as the Countess of Milroy; her kindness—why not?—was what she doubtless showed to hundreds of artists not more gifted than myself, and not more strikingly accomplished. As an artist, perseverance and intense passion for my art had

secured me greater success than I should have ever owed to innate talent; but, as a man, I was naturally quiet, and unpretending in manner, and possessed of few acquirements, either of manner or of conversation. I grew more talkative, however, in her company; perhaps it was that her greater powers of mind brought out my lesser ones; or, perhaps, her apparent appreciation of me, acting as a stimulant. Be this as it may, those painting hours in the blue and white morning room were some of the most delightful I ever remember to have spent.

Returning to my lodgings one evening, I suddenly found myself in an immense crowd, who had collected in the street to hear a public proclamation read. I was not in a hurry, and stopped to listen. The language was intended for the rabble, and had in it a touch of gravity and fair seeming, which might well deceive untold minds; but underneath ran such a vein of deep policy and despotism cunning, that the free northern blood in me boiled as I listened. Presently I was attracted by a diversion on the part of the multitude, and, looking in the direction of the new point of interest, saw a man bareheaded speaking to the people with upraised arms and flashing eyes.

That man was Boyno!

As he spoke a low murmur ran through the mass, and then a few faint cheers were heard. Rash man, thought I; must he bring further anathemas on his head? But my second thought was of the sealed paper—now was the opportunity to fulfill my trust. Breaking my way as best I could, I made wild attempts to reach him; now I was within a yard or two of the very spot where he stood—another moment and I am swayed by the rude mob, and lost sight of him altogether. At last I succeeded in reaching the spot, with torn coat, broken hat, and utterly out of breath; but he was no longer there. I turned quickly round, and caught a glimpse of his retreating figure as he edged his way towards a quiet street. Then I made a last effort, and ran in pursuit; I called his name, I shouted to the pitch of my voice, and had the satisfaction to see him turn and wait. But, again I was foiled. A pale Italian shabbily dressed, and of Boyno's figure and gait raised his hat, and said, with a bland smile:

"Does monsieur wish to speak with me? I am at his service."

Baffled and out of temper I retraced my steps homewards, fully determined to venture in no more Roman mobs; for I had spoiled a new hat, lost my purse, and got thoroughly heated and out of breath into the bargain—all to no purpose.

The next evening I found Lady Milroy pale and distraught; she welcomed me with a languid smile, and declared her inability of painting that night.

"I did not sleep well last night," she said, wearily; "it was so warm and I had a terrible dream. I think I shall never be able to spend the winter here, Mr. Brocklebanke. I am tired of Rome already."

"You tired of Rome, Lady Milroy?" I exclaimed, half in dismay, half with a vague feeling of joy. "Do you really mean to go?"

She raised her eyes to mine with a strange expression of interest and softness.

"Would you be sorry if I were to go?" she asked gently.

Something in the tone of her voice, and in the expression of her face, made the hot blood rush to my heart. I bent over the easel, and said, with hesitation:

"It would no longer be Italy if you were not here, Lady Milroy."

Hardly were the rash words uttered out of my lips, when I bitterly cursed my folly in uttering them. Where was all my pride, my humility, my honor?

There was a long and awkward silence. I made vain attempts to proceed with my painting, and Lady Milroy played abstractedly with the long gold fringe of the curtain; when I ventured to look upon her face, I met her eyes fixed in-

tently on my own, and they seemed to tremble and moisten beneath my gaze. Good Heavens! this madness must no longer continue. I must leave Rome, or—oh! fool that I have been, to be so confident in my fancied security!

Making a violent effort to regain self-possession, I rushed into conversation.

"Such a singular event happened to me last night," I said, with an attempt at easy cheerfulness; "you could never guess what it was!"

A sudden expression of pain passed over her features.

"You have seen him!" she exclaimed quickly. "One of those men is here! Which is it?—where is he?"

"The man whose portrait I painted—"

"And you delivered to him the sealed letter?"

"Ah! it is easier to arrive at conclusions than to make one's way through a mob. No, Lady Milroy, I had the misfortune to miss him. But I do not despair; he is here; why should we not meet again?"

"Are you sure it was he? It is so easy to be deceived."

"Not in such a face as his. Ah! I forgot; you have neither seen the man, nor the portrait."

She rose, and moved towards the open window. The mellow sunlight gilded her rich hair, and shed a rosy flush on her delicate cheek; her long dress of ruby velvet set off her queen-like figure; her small jewelled hands drooped listlessly on the panelling. Never had I seen her before look so sad, never before so beautiful.

"Mr. Brocklebanke," she said sadly, "is there nothing I can do to serve you before I leave Rome? You have been a very patient master, and I am grateful. Let me show you my gratitude."

"To have been of use to you, Lady Milroy, is sufficient happiness and reward enough."

"At least, then, accept my friendship," she continued with a shade of embarrassment.

"Ah! you are too good. Wealth, position titles—I have no right to expect that. I have been able to give you pleasure, and have received far more than I was able to bestow."

"Wealth, position? titles!" she broke in, passionately. "Why do you speak of them? Does not genius and talent confer a position and title beyond any other? Wealth, position—how I hate the words! and must you, you, above all others—you, who understand the greatness of art and the aristocracy of genius, must you be continually ringing them into my ears?"

"Pardon me!" I answered humbly; "but you misconceive my meaning. I know well that with a woman so generous and high-minded as yourself, these distinctions stand for nothing, but with the world—"

"Do not speak of the world: you put me out of patience. Who cares for the world, its hollow conventionalisms, its hypocritical forms? Ah! Mr. Brocklebanke, we Italian women love Art and Nature too much to care for the opinions of the world."

"Lady Milroy is then an Italian?"

"Yes," she replied, with glowing cheeks and kindling eye. "I am proud to say I am an Italian. Despite the degradation and poverty of my land, I am proud of it still; is it not the garden of Europe, the treasury of art, the nation of poets and painters, the home of music?"

"And of beauty," I said, impulsively.

She looked at me inquiringly, as if to read my inmost thoughts, and then said in a low voice:

"I am pleased to hear you praise my Italy; you must become a great painter, and teach others to love it also."

"I do hope to become great."

"Why not? You have not half ambition enough; and passion and passionate love for one's art can make any one great—at least, famous. Oh! reputation is very sweet! Put away your painting, Mr. Brocklebanke, and listen whilst I tell you a story of real life. I was ambitious once; some years ago, in my girlhood, I loved music as you now love painting, only twice as wildly, twice as well. We southerners have

such ardent natures, you know, and I was the only child of a ruined nobleman. I had nothing to love, nothing to hope for, nothing to protect me but art. I had a fine voice, and music was innate in me. Well the story is short; a young Italian with a fine voice, can soon obtain a reputation, and a fortune in your rich, cold England; and I was happy. I think I was heartless and vain in those days—but what women are not? and I had flattery and homage enough to turn so young a head. An English peer fell in love with me, for I was pretty then, and I married him, though he was twice as old as myself; but I coveted position and titles; I gave up music, I gave up my delicious, free, bewildering life. Do you think I was happy?" She held up her hands before her eyes, and I saw a tear fall on the shining velvet skirt; but it was only a momentary passion of grief; she turned to me with pale, cold face and said:

"What have I received in return for all I gave up? I surrendered youth, beauty, independence, fame; I have received a title, rich lands, and a position for which I am no-wise fitted. My life is barren, aimless, friendless. Oh! for my freedom, and my young, warm, hopeful heart."

Then she threw herself on a low seat, and flinging her long bright hair over her white shoulders, with a wanton action of despair, buried her face in her hands. What could I do? what could I say? A long time passed; the golden sunlight died away; and gray twilight shadows deepened around the palace. It was time for me to go; I must go, and never, never return.

I rose, and touched her cold hand.

"Are you going?" she asked, with a start.

"I fear I must; it is getting late."

"You will come to-morrow?"

"Yes; that is, if not hindered."

"You must come," she replied, quickly;

"promise me you will come."

I dared not gaze upon her face; I hardly dared to hold her hand, such a storm of passionate feelings contended in my breast.

"Promise," she continued, in a hard voice.

"Do not ask me to promise, Lady Milroy; if possible, I will come."

"No," she said, in the same voice, "You shall not go till you have promised. I will have it."

"I will come," I said, at last, and broke away desperately. How I reached home I do not know; but such a night's agony of thought and feeling I hope few mortals have endured, except myself. I could not sleep; or, if indeed I did sleep, the distracting dreams were worse than the wakeful misery. It seemed as if morning would never come, and two thoughts hovered around me like demons of despair. Oh! Lady Milroy, why did we ever meet? Oh! gentle cousin Alice, better for you had I never been born! Wretch—madman that I have been—would that the sorrow might fall on myself alone, since I alone am to blame.

The next morning I arose, pale, haggard, and hollow-eyed; my pulses beat as if in high fever; my hands shook so that the brushes fell from them. Without taking any breakfast I strolled out into the open air. It was a fresh, blowy morning; and the exercise and the early breeze upon my cheek cooled in some degree the fever of my blood. I reviewed, coldly and dispassionately, the events of the previous evening. Ought I, or ought I not to fulfill my promise? I had never in my life broken my word of honor, and I shrank from doing so now, especially to a woman. No: I would nerve myself to be cold and resolute during the interview, and then on the morrow, without a word of parting, I would leave Rome. This seemed the only reasonable course to pursue. Oh! that Lady Milroy and I had never met. But such thoughts were worse than useless. Let me be a man again, and brave the danger and the storm.

As I reached the door of my lodging, a ragged man stepped from the portico, and handed me a

dingy looking letter, carefully sealed. On opening it, I read the following:

"I have been thrown into prison for a few mad words spoke aloud yesterday, to the people; what devil tempted me I know not, but—they are said; I do not regret them. I wish, however, to get out of this damnable place as soon as possible; and you can help me, or, I may have an awkward business of it, I only discovered yesterday that you were living here, or you would have seen me; but you can see me on Wednesday, between three and four in the afternoon, if you take the trouble to come. How you can serve me is thus: you are a gentleman, and English; all English are listened to here; go to Lord — and speak for me. A word from him to that dastardly P—— will set me free any day; and good Heavens! the air of a prison is not worth breathing. Tell Lord — I am a Polish gentleman, who took part in the revolution of 1830, and in it lost everything. My real name is not necessary; or if it is, I can let you know by a trusty messenger. This man's name is Luigi Picini, and will do anything for a bribe. Adieu.

"ADAM BOYNO."

"Can you swear to deliver a letter into the hands of the person who gave you this?"

He scratched his head reflectively, and eyed me from the depths of his black cunning eyes.

"I can't swear to it," he said, at last; "But the Signor may rely upon me doing my best."

"You cannot see M. —; you cannot see the person who wrote this letter!" I said.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Not exactly, Signor; but I can see somebody who may do as well, perhaps."

I instantly resolved upon not trusting to his hands the mysterious sealed paper; and, bidding the man wait, hastily wrote the following lines:

"You shall see me; meantime I will do my best.

"Yours, A. B."

"Now," I said, sharply, "if you please, make the best of your way to the place from whence you came; and if you want another job, you had better do this well."

He pocketed my letter and coin with infinite satisfaction, vowed the intensest devotion to my service, and then walked lazily away.

#### CHAPTER XI.

Lady Milroy met me with a radiant smile. Every trace of the previous night's emotion was gone, and I alone was agitated; for in spite of my resolution and nerved-up pride, I confess that I could not look upon her face unmoved. Whatever I tried to say was distract or awkward, and the fact that she perceived embarrassment rendered my position still more painful.

"And how does the search progress?" she asked, after there had been a long silence; "have you been able to find him?"

"Boyno? Yes, I have discovered where he is—"

"Boyno!" she interrupted quickly, "is that his name?"

"No; his real name he thinks proper to conceal for reasons as yet unknown to me."

"And so," she answered with a light nervous laugh, "the strange business is ended; you have fulfilled your trust?"

"Not yet Lady Milroy; I have not seen him myself, and the letter waits till then."

"Pshaw! how rigidly exact and honorable you English people are. Very likely the letter is after all, merely a bank note from some one who owes this Boyno money. People's consciences often smite them when they are dying."

She looked at me long and earnestly, and then added:

"Do you really mean to say that you have not had the curiosity just to peep in? What harm?—were you told not to do so?"

"But it was a trust put in my honor, and made more binding from the very absence of injunc-

tions. No, Lady Milroy, my curiosity has never been even a temptation."

"You are too puritanical," she said lightly; "but now I have a favor to ask you. Let me look at that letter; let me hold it in my hands for five minutes."

As she spoke, she moved nearer to me, and, clasping her hands in a playful gesture of entreaty, looked up into my face.

"Will you or will you not?" she said coaxingly. "I cannot," I answered coldly, and bent down over my painting, for it seemed to take my breath away to look upon her then. A soft light filled her eyes; her cheek glowed with conscious power and beauty; her cheek glowed with conscious power and beauty; her bright lips smiled half enticingly, half in triumph."

"Will you or will you not?" She said again; but I pretended not to hear, and painted assiduously. Then she rose, and laying both her little hands upon my own, whispered softly:

"Promise that you will."

I shook off that light burning touch, and said, almost with fierceness:

"Oh, Lady Milroy, friend, do not tempt me; I am weak; have pity."

The next moment she drew back, and, shaking aside her glorious curls of brown hair with a wild gesture of excitement, cried passionately:

"Good, noble friend; you have triumphed. I but tried you, and I find you firm as adamant and true as heaven; and I know in other things that you are firm and true also. Arthur, you little know us Italian woman. You think, because you are a poor artist, and I am a rich lady, that I should scorn your love, and deride the idea of becoming your wife. You mistake us, grievously mistake. Where we love, neither rank nor duty, nor ties have a feather's weight in the balance. Everything gives way to love—should it not? But it is not so in your cold, northern island. There is no love there; but a man marries a wife to be his household slave, and one woman does as well as another. I married for ambition, and I was married for my beauty; but, love; oh! what need for love in English marriages? I was Lady Milroy, and the earl was proud of his young wife. But, oh! Arthur, through these rosy years of youth I have found no friend, no one to understand me. It has been so dreary—so dreary; and at last the dreariness is passing away, for I have found you—"

"Dear Lady Milroy, in pity's sake hear me—"

"Hush," she cried, with wild, bright eyes: "hush and let me speak. I know what is passing in your mind, for you are the soul of truth and honor; and you think, because you are a poor artist and of middle rank, that I am too high for you. I have long known your secret, and have seen your efforts to conceal it. Ah! generous, kind, unselfish friend, I knew you loved me long ago and I felt so happy. It is sweet to be loved for one's own self only; so sweet to be loved neither for wealth nor beauty, but for one's own woman's soul. And, were I a queen, Arthur, and you my lowliest subject, I would love you alone, because you have valued me for myself—"

She ceased, for tears choked her utterance; her bosom heaved, her cheeks burned, her lips quivered. Then, very white and cold, I rose, and kneeling before her, said—

"God forgive me, Lady Milroy, if I have unwittingly, so wronged you. My love and truth are pledged to another."

Let me not dwell upon that scene; the memory of it is neither good for my readers nor for myself. I say so in all humility.

God be my witness, that I had been the unconscious cause of so much misery to that generous Italian woman. For my weakness in not before escaping from temptation, I cannot sufficiently culminate myself; but, for her unhappiness, for any attempts to gain her love, for any foresight of her passion for myself—on these heads I am innocent.

I write this as I lie upon my couch, for I am suffering from low fever and can scarcely hold my

pen. This morning I wrote the following to Lady Milroy, and have sent it. Now I must never mention her name again; or, if I think of her, it must be as the generous patron, the enthusiastic student—as the beautiful passionate woman; I dare not, must not remember her.

"KIND, GENEROUS FRIEND—May I address you thus? Believe that I do it in the utmost gratitude and reverence.

"Pardon me if I have caused you unhappiness; the thought of this has afflicted me more than I can by any words express; and I fear, that yesterday I said in nowise what was uppermost in my heart. I am betrothed to an English girl, an orphan, and my cousin. I do not know why I had never mentioned this to you before, except that I am naturally reserved, and always slow to intrude my private affairs on others. Yet I cannot sufficiently blame myself for not having done so. What might it not have spared us both?—and perhaps, I might even now have possessed your friendship. Your friendship. Oh! Lady Milroy, I cannot tell you how dear that has been to me—I cannot tell you how unhappy I am to lose it. For the highest and best aspirations of my artist life I have to thank you—for the enlargement and elevation of my intellect and sympathies I have to thank you; and oh! noble Italian friend, to you I owe a higher appreciation of all other woman, a truer love of all that is beautiful and ennobling. Forgive me, and think of me with kindness—or forget me, for I feel that I am not worthy of your remembrance; and, yet, if you knew all, if you knew how I have suffered for the last few days, and what I suffer still—yes, you would forgive me.

"When I saw you so gifted and so beautiful, I ought to have left Rome or never to have seen you more; but you seemed so far removed from me, that in my very humility I felt secure. Yet—but let me not say what now ought never to be spoken. As it is—honor, duty—a gulf between us. I can only say, forgive. Then, great and high-souled lady, farewell. May you be—I will not say happy as you deserve, for that would be an idle wish—but I will say happy as my prayers would have you to be. With this word, farewell, then, is torn from my life its most golden page. Two names are written on it—your own and that of Italy; but they will remain on my heart forevermore. Lady Milroy, heaven bless you. Farewell."

#### CHAPTER XII.

For some days I was really ill—weak as a child, utterly depressed in mind, and having a feverish confusion of brain that rendered me totally incapable of thinking one sober thought. The intense misery of such a condition most of my readers have, doubtless experienced. I felt that I could think of nothing; yet thought after thought, like burning lead, seemed to drop upon my brain; and even sleep brought no refreshment, for the thoughts seethed away still. My room was filled with shapes: now it was Lady Milroy, throwing up her white arms with a wild gesture of despair, and reproaching me for all the unhappiness I had caused her; now she stood on the brink of a precipice, she called on me to save her; she told me her love would make me happy, rich, renowned; and I still held back. Then she cursed me; and I saw nothing but hideous gapping waves and a pair of white arms stretching out for help, and long gold-brown locks that fluttered on the water. Again I saw two terrible, remorseless faces—Boyno's, Chojnacki's. The two men had met at last and stood like tigers ready to avenge their strange hatred. I tried to step in between them, but I was chained in prison, and dumb. They rushed at each other. I felt that Boyno would be murdered, and tried, in the eleventh hour to throw to him the sealed paper. He fell. He looked imploringly towards me, saying, "Justice! justice! remember thy trust." I made a desperate effort, and cast the paper on the ground. It fell at his feet; but as he reached to take it, a bird flew down and carried it away on its beak to heaven.

And then I lay upon a quiet shore, and my gentle Alice bent over me, saying, "Live Arthur: I forgive you. You are come to peace and home at last."

Thank heaven, the fever has left me now, and I have been out for the first time to-day. I have been to Lord N——'s regarding poor Boyno; for, on recovering, almost my first thoughts were of my promise yet unfulfilled to him, and I was sadly afraid my good offices would come too late.

Lord N—— was a white-haired statesman, with a large forehead and sharp gray eyes, that seemed very capable of reading your secret thoughts and concealing his own. He gave me a bland, quiet greeting, which was neither condescension or stiffness, but partook of the nature of both.

"Boyno? Boyno?" he said, reflectively, as I named my errand. "Do you know this man has deceived you regarding his name?"

"I beg pardon, I have not been deceived. M. Boyno informed me that for some private reason, he had concealed his name; but he is quite willing to give it, if necessary."

The nobleman smiled and glanced at me with a degree of curiosity.

"Why do you take an interest in this Polish refugee?" he asked.

"Simply because he lodged in the same house in London with me, and we became slightly acquainted. He allowed me to take his portrait, and I am anxious to do him any service in my power. I know very little of M. Boyno; but he seemed a friendless, unhappy man, and I pitied him."

Well, he has friends somewhere, at any rate; you are the third person who has come to me with petitions for him. But the man has got quite a false idea into his head. He knows that I have sympathy for the Polish exiles; and he fancies, I suppose, that I shall send an armed body to escort him in triumph from the prison. Pshaw! it is all a farce. He said some foolish things, and the penalty is a few weeks' confinement."

"Then I have intruded upon your lordship to no purpose?"

"The fact is, Mr. Brocklebanke, you have come too late. M. Boyno will walk out of prison to-morrow night, and any further intervention of mine would, I think, be fruitless. Should this gentleman, however, in whom you take so warm an interest, be disposed to accept of such trifling assistance as I have been pleased to give his unfortunate fellow-countrymen, I can only say I shall be happy to grant it. But excuse me for asking, do you think him a quiet, respectable character—one whom you could trust?"

"That is rather a difficult question. I have, however, been favorably predisposed towards him."

"One or two circumstances have given me suspicion; there is a man in Rome who has been hunting in every quarter for him; to-day he came here, to see if he could not get an order to visit the prison; the two must be leagued together, and I always mistrust the friendship of such characters."

"Chojnacki again!" I exclaimed, "I know that man."

"Chojnacki—that was the name he gave me, and you know him Mr. Brocklebanke?"

"I have seen him; he was on the search for Boyno then. There is some curious mystery about the two men."

"There certainly is; but I dare say not worth the finding out. However, send Boyno to me."

I then took my leave, and, having found my sharp friend Luigi Picini, dispatched him to the prison with a short slip of paper for Boyno, merely containing the words: "I have been ill, but will see you to-morrow."

To-morrow my trust will be fulfilled. Then I shall journey on towards Florence, and leave behind me the glorious fatal atmosphere of Rome—forever?

(To be Continued.)

## LIVES OF THE EARLY PAINTERS.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

### RAPHAEL SANZIO D'URBINO.

Born 1483, died 1520.

(Concluded.)

#### 7. THE CHARGE TO ST. PETER.

"Feed my sheep"—JOHN 21: 16.

Christ is standing and pointing with the right hand to a flock of sheep; his left hand is extended towards Peter, who, holding the key, kneels at his feet. The other ten apostles stand behind him, listening with various gestures and expression to the words of the Saviour. In the background a landscape, and on the right the Lake of Gennesareth and a fisher's bark. In the tapestry the white robe of our Saviour is strewn with golden stars, which has a beautiful effect, and doubtless existed in the cartoon, though no trace of this is now visible.

As the transaction here represented took place between Christ and St. Peter only, there was little room for dramatic effect. Richardson praises the introduction of the sheep, as the only means of making the incident intelligible; but I agree with Dr. Waagen that herein Raphael has perhaps, in avoiding one error, fallen into another, and, not able to give us the real meaning of the words, has turned into a palpable object what was merely a figurative expression, and thus produced an ambiguity of another and of a more unpleasant kind.

The figure of Christ is wonderfully noble in conception and treatment; the heads of the apostles finely diversified: in some we see only affectionate acquiescence, dutiful submission; in others wonder, displeasure, and jealous discontent. The figures of the apostles are in the cartoon happily relieved from each other by variety of local tint, which cannot be given in a print, and hence the heavy effect of the composition when studied through the engraving only.

These are the subjects of the famous Cartoons of Raphael. To describe the effect of the light and sketchy treatment, so easy, and yet so large and grand in style, we shall borrow the words of an eloquent writer.

"Compared with these," says Hazlitt, as finely as truly, "all other pictures look like oil and varnish; we are stopped and attracted by the coloring, the pencilling, the finishing, the instrumentalities of art; but here the painter seems to have flung his mind upon the canvas. His thoughts, his great ideas alone, prevail; there is nothing between us and the subject: we look through a frame and see Scripture histories, and are made actual spectators in miraculous events. Not to speak it profanely, they are a sort of a revelation of the subjects of which they treat; there is an ease and freedom of manner about them which brings preternatural characters and situations home to us with the familiarity of every-day occurrences; and while the figures fill, raise, and satisfy the mind, they seem to have cost the painter nothing. Everywhere else we see the means; here we arrive at the end apparently without any means. There is a spirit at work in the divine creation before us; we are unconscious of any steps taken, of any progress made; we are aware only of comprehensive results—of whole masses of figures, the sense of power supersedes the ap-

pearance of effort. It is as if we had ourselves seen these persons and things at some former state of our being, and that the drawing certain lines upon coarse paper by some unknown spell brought back the entire and living images, and made them pass before us, palpable to thought, feeling, sight. Perhaps not all this is owing to genius; something of this effect may be ascribed to the simplicity of the vehicle employed in embodying the story, and something to the decaying and dilapidated state of the pictures themselves. They are the more majestic for being in ruins. We are struck chiefly with the truth of proportion, and the range of conception—all made spiritual. The corruptible has put on incorruption; and amidst the wreck of color and the mouldering of material beauty, nothing is left but a universe of thought, or the broad imminent shadows of calm contemplation and majestic pains."

There exist two sets of copies of the same size as the originals: one executed by Sir James Thornhill, and presented by the Duke of Bedford to the Royal Academy; and another set presented by the Duke of Marlborough to the University of Oxford.

It is a matter of regret, but hardly of surprise, that the cartoons have never yet been adequately engraved. The first complete series which appeared was by Simon Gribelin, a French engraver, who came over in 1680, and was published in the reign of Queen Anne. The prints are small, neat memoranda of the compositions, nothing more.

The second set was executed by Sir Nicholas Dorigny, who undertook the work under the patronage of the government, and presented to the king, George I., in 1719, two sets of the finished engravings; on which occasion the king bestowed on him a purse of one hundred guineas, and at the request of the Duke of Devonshire, knighted him. These engravings are large, and tolerably but coarsely executed, and are preferred by connoisseurs; but on the whole they are poor as works of art.

There are two small sets in mezzotinto, and another small set by Filtler.

The set of large engravings by Thomas Holloway was begun by him in 1800, and was not quite completed at his death, in 1826. These engravings have been praised for the "finished and elaborate style in which they have been executed," and they deserve this praise; but, as transcripts of the cartoons they are altogether false in point of style. They are too metallic, too mechanical, too labored: a set of masterly etchings would better convey an impression of the slight, free execution, the spiritual ease, of the originals. These engravings give one the idea of being done from highly-finished, deeply-colored oil-pictures.

Since 1837 a large set has been commenced by John Burnett, in a mixed, rather coarse style, but effective and spirited; they are sold at a cheap rate.

Lastly, a set has been commenced by Mr. L. Griner, whose exquisite taste and classical style of engraving, as well as his profound acquaintance with the works and genius of Raphael, render him particularly fit for the task.

Raphael finished these cartoons in 1516. They are all from fourteen to eighteen feet in length, and about twelve feet high; the figures above life-size, drawn with chalk upon strong paper, and colored in distemper. He received for his designs four hundred and thirty-four gold ducats, (about six hundred and fifty pounds) which were